

# The Beautiful Girls, ...And We'll Dance On The Ashes

Guess we came up in a ghost town.  
Now all those buildings have burned down.  
Another price to be paid for being free.

It's getting harder to see now that the lights have all gone out.  
Can't pay for the electricity.

And all along they've been saying nothing new to me.  
Lately, seems right is wrong and wrong is everything we need maybe.  
And still the beds are burning, burning in our sleep.  
Take me away from everything I see.

There' gunshots on the dancefloor.  
Please tell me what do we die for?  
And by the way, yesterday, bet you were me.

Seen hard days, probably see more.  
There's police at the front door saying  
"by the way, yesterday, heard you were free."

And all along they've been saying nothing new to me.  
Lately, seems right is wrong and wrong is everything we need maybe.  
And still the beds are burning, burning in our sleep.  
Take me away from everything I see.

And we'll dance on the ashes of what's left,  
as long as these hearts beat in our chests.  
And we fell through the railings and pavements,  
while I wondered if they get what I get.  
And I promise you I won't be leaving,  
without taking you where I go.  
See the price of belief's in believing.  
Anywhere that we go we'll be share this same old song.

And we'll be standing singing.  
As if it's life we're living.  
As if it's blood we're spilling.  
As if we're leaving here someday.